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AN IDOL OF THE STAGE.

IT WAS between the acts. Up and down the foyer hurried men clad in irreproachable evening dress, all hastening, now to one box, now to another, eager to pay their respects to the occupants. Incidentally, of course, they wanted to show to Tom and Dick down there in the parquet or to Harry up in the "peanut gallery" on what intimate terms they were with the people down below.

Every shrine had one or more devotees except Box No. 12, and during the entire *entr'acte* no one entered the door. Ask the business manager who owns it, and he shakes his head meditatively. He don't know. One day, he says, a young man came to the office and engaged the box for the entire season. He would give no name. "But," concludes the manager, "his money is as good as anyone's, and that's what counts after all."

Box No. 12 directly overlooked the stage. Turned so as to face the actors, an occupant sitting well back could remain unseen by the audience. On the night in question, as indeed on

every night since the opera appeared, Donald Carlton occupied such a position. Beside him on the floor lay his overcoat, which he had forgotten to hang up. On a chair near by was an enormous bunch of roses, the fac-simile of those which had come each night from Box No. 12 and fallen at the prima donna's feet. Carlton knew the opera by heart now, and, as he waited for her to come on the stage, he gave himself up to dreaming.

And to-night of all nights he told himself he must make up his mind. An orphan, rich beyond all his needs, a guardian who paid no attention to him save to give him his princely allowance, his experience of life had indeed begun early. He remembered how only a year ago he was left alone in the world, and the father and mother who had shielded him from the very knowledge of evil were gone. Then he recalled how he had first seen her—his queen. He had strayed into the theatre one night, when she was acting, and Donald wondered whether it was then that he first commenced to love her. Now she was part of his very life itself. He had never been able to speak to her, and yet each night as he sat in his box he felt that as she turned toward him and he looked into her noble face, so womanly even in its youthful beauty, that he had talked with her.

He knew she was not like many actresses. How could she be? No, she was one in a thousand, and even now his mind was almost made up. She must have read the notes he had sent with the flowers each night, else why should she look so kindly at him. He had no ties or connections who would be shocked at his marrying an actress, and he told himself proudly that *he* was above the popular prejudices against such a marriage. No; to-night he would settle it, and he leaned over and wrote. As he completed the message and fastened it to the roses a thunder of applause announced the entrance of the prima donna, Maud Melton.

Carlton always flushed with pleasure when he heard that sound. It showed that others appreciated her as well as he—his idol. She advanced to the front of the stage and commenced singing. Carlton listened with a degree of attention which was almost painful in its intensity. Not a note escaped him.

The song was a prayer for her father's life, and Maud Melton sang it superbly, now singing out clear and loud as the triumphant tones of an organ in denunciation of her father's murderer, now in supplication for his life soft and low as the notes of a violin played by a master hand.

When she finished there was a moment's silence, more eloquent than any applause could have been; then it burst forth, fairly making the air quiver. Carlton leaned forward and threw his roses at her feet, carrying with them the note he had just penned.

She picked them up, and as she turned to respond to the encore she let her eyes meet his for an instant. She did not smile, and Donald did not wonder, for so completely had she forgotten herself that he fancied he could still see upon her cheeks the tears of anguish wrung from her heart by her earnestness and her sympathy for the girl she portrayed.

It was this absolute self-abandon which had first charmed him. Surely she who could so entirely merge herself in the personality of a noble woman could not be anything but noble herself.

The play wore on. It was almost the end of the last act, when, for the first time in the evening, someone knocked at the door of the box. Carlton stepped forward and opened it. It was only an attendant, who handed him a small, daintily directed note. His hand trembled with eagerness as he sat down and read—

"Miss Melville will receive Mr. Carlton to-morrow afternoon at five o'clock, at her home, West Forty-seventh street."

He could hardly believe his senses. What was there in him to attract this beautiful, talented girl? Why, she had even answered under her real name, Miss Melville, not Maud Melton. He did not wait to-night for the end of the piece, but went quickly home, and commenced counting the hours until he should see her. How would he ever tell her he loved her and wanted to marry her, she who had so much admiration. He could not hope to impress her by any eloquence or wit; he could only tell her how he loved her and trust that she would

understand. She would probably refuse him ; he must prepare for that, but she might—but that was too good to think of ; only he couldn't help a vision flitting across his brain of the time when, after he had persuaded her to leave the stage, they should be married, and she should be Mrs. Carlton, not Maud Melton.

It was with beating heart the next afternoon that he went up to the steps of her home and rang the bell. A neat-looking maid came to the door, and, evidently expecting him, ushered him, without a word, into the parlor, while she went to announce his arrival.

There was a cheerful wood fire burning in the large fire-place as he entered, and a path of light seemed to stretch from it to his feet across the highly polished dark wood of the floor, only broken by the black bearskin rugs which lay here and there. The light was turned partly down, and the old oak chairs and tables also reflected the blaze of the logs.

If he did not stop to notice all this then, he did at least know that the room was furnished in perfect taste, and he smiled happily to himself at another proof of the divinity of his goddess.

He had only a moment to think of these things, for there was a rustle of skirts on the stairway, the curtains parted and Miss Melville stood between them in the flickering crimson firelight. For an instant only she hesitated, then she stepped quickly forward and held out her hand to him graciously.

"Mr. Carlton, I believe," she said in a low, sweet voice.

Donald stammered out something, he hardly knew what, and then, as he got more and more embarrassed and involved, he suddenly lost control of himself, and the next instant he was telling her of his love and asking her to marry him.

She listened patiently enough as he told his story of his secluded life, his wealth and his plans, if she would accept him. She did not interrupt him as he was speaking, but kept her eyes fastened upon his face as if it had a sort of fascination for her. Donald was so moved himself that he hardly noticed the effect it was having upon the woman opposite him. Her breath

came in short gasps, and her little foot beat rapidly upon the polished brass of the fender. When Carlton finished, she sat a moment as if in hesitation, and then, seemingly powerless to resist, she roused herself and turned toward him.

"Mr. Carlton," she said, "how old are you?"

Donald told her.

"Eighteen, you say," she continued, "and I am thirty-six. Just twice your age, and yet you would marry me. Let me tell you a story." She had risen now and was standing by the mantle.

"Twenty years ago I had never seen the city. My home was in Vermont, and, a country girl, I lived there happily enough. There was someone else there too, besides my mother, whom I loved, and I thought then that my future life was to be spent with him. One summer a man came from the city to board with us. I had never seen a really educated man before, and, perhaps, I was, on that account, more easily deceived. He stayed there all summer, and when at last he returned to the city, he asked me to go with him. He said that we would be married as soon as we reached Boston. I asked him to tell mother, but he said no; she might object, and, deluded fool that I was, I at last consented. When we reached Boston he said we must hurry on to New York, and that we would be married there. I begged and entreated him, but he was determined, and so we came here. Then it was that I found out the full depth of the man's villainy, for the day we reached the city he deserted me, and I have never seen him since. I wandered about all day, and finally, because of my pretty face, I suppose, I got employment at one of the theatres as a chorus girl, and I have gradually become what you see me to-day."

Carlton started to speak, but she interrupted him.

"Don't speak till I finish. I have one more thing to say. Do you know," she continued fiercely, "why I tell you this instead of treating you as I do most men—get all the money I can from you, and then turn you adrift as I would a tramp? I'll tell you why. The first night I ever saw you, you reminded me of the boy I used to know at home; that's why I spare you."

Her voice was shrill and piercing now, and Carlton even in his own agony could see that she was under a terrible strain.

"You think the stage world is as you see it," she went on, taking a step towards him. "You don't know that the jester is eating his heart out with sorrow and despair. You don't realize that the man who acts as my father, and over whose death I see the whole audience weep each night, is the one man among all others whom I loathe and detest most, and that night after night I must act a lie. But never mind,"—and she laughed harshly,—"that's my business—lying and deception. Do you wonder, —even you, who are so innocent or else so deluded,—do you wonder that I am what I am, after my life history?" Then she stepped forward with a menacing gesture. "Why have you come into my life to call back memories like this and to torment me? I am very happy as I am." Then her mood changed and she gave a little, quick, dry sob. "Happy?—No, not that—I can never be happy again. But if I could only see the one you remind me of to tell him I loved"—then she regained control of herself again. All the old fire had come back to her face.

"I've just been fooling you," she said,—“yes, that is it, just fooling you. Love him? No, I hate him. I hate all memory of the past. I believe I even hate the memory of my mother. I hate you for recalling it to me by your innocent face. Now go, before I ring for the servant to put you out. Never dare to come where I can see you again. Go, say that you have seen Maud Melton in tears, and the man you tell it to will laugh at you. Tell him she told her story to you and he'll say you lie. Go at once.” Then she sank in the chair back of her, and spent by her own emotions covered her face with her hand.

The fire gave a last flickering gleam, the log burned in two and fell, and the room was left almost in darkness. Carlton stood a moment waiting.

"Why don't you go?" she said fiercely. "Do you want to see me break down again? Well, you won't." Then as she saw his face, haggard and drawn with the struggle to control himself, she came up to him and put her hand gently on his arm.

"We've both had a bad hour," she said. "Poor boy, you were pretty much deceived, weren't you? Well, never mind; you'll get over it soon enough. Only, when you hear them say that Maud Melton never did a good act, just remember that she did. She saved you once from yourself and—and from her. Now, good-bye."

Donald groped his way to the door and out into the cold, icy street.

Howard White.

SUNSETS.

I.

THE winter's sky was leadlike, smooth and gray,
Against the clouds the rugged hills looked bold,
In patches brown and white the rough fields lay,
The naked trees seemed shivering in the cold.

II.

But the setting sun when the day was done
Peeped forth o'er the mountain's rim,
With his rosy light he touches the height,
He reddens the valley dim.
In the West afar there's a golden bar
Which prisons his face from sight,
But his crimson glow on the ice and snow
Makes old Winter warm and the dull day bright.

The sun is light, woman's eyes are bright,
And bright and light is her smile,
And sun can lighten and eyes can brighten
And her smile and her eyes can beguile.
Like the sun's rosy glow on the snow below
Love touches this life with a tint from above;
Love is warm like the sun, and the two are one,—
All the sun shines forth in a woman's love.

III.

The sun's red lips no longer smiling pressed
Their kisses on the chill and gloomy day,
And her sweet love, like sunlight journeying west,
Beyond my life's bleak hills had sunk away.

Edward James Patterson.

PRINCETON AND AMERICAN COSMOPOLITANISM.

I HAPPENED to pick up an old number of *The Forum* * the other day, and, as my eye glanced down the first page of a reminiscent essay by Freeman, these words fell upon me strikingly :

"I suppose that each man has some special powers and gifts, and that the particular direction which those powers and gifts take in each man's case is a good deal fixed by his general surroundings, by his teachers, by his friends, by the books he reads, by a thousand mere accidents of life over which he may have no control."

Of course, "every college man" is thoroughly familiar with Freeman's books, and few, I suppose, will question the wisdom of his remark above. To a large extent the environment *does* make the man. Someone has said that such a genius as Spurgeon would have been benefitted little by a university education. Perhaps it is so. But nowhere is the soundness of Freeman's words more strikingly evinced than in the lives of university men. It is in his college days, if at any time, that the individual gifts of "the average man" are sure to be developed.

I suppose, though, that college life is largely the same. The several local "environments" give a certain stamp to men of the various colleges. But from the glimpses we get of other institutions, the experience of the American college man seems to be, in a sense, practically one. And when we cross the water we recognize the undergraduate life of even the University of Paris. The dead custom of German universities has been tentatively introduced to American soil, and as the college man of Athens, on his arrival, placed himself as a *protégé* of some one professor for his whole course, so in our terse college phrase we have modernized it into "boot-licking." Mr. Barrie, too, might easily have written *An Edinburgh Eleven* (with the names changed) under the shadow of Dickinson as well as in reminiscence of his

* *The Forum*, April, 1892. A Review of My Opinions. By Edward A. Freeman. Page

own Alma Mater. And as the Roman collegian completed his refinement at Rhodes or Athens, so we have simply changed the geography to Germany and call him a "P. G." Each college seems to be a microcosm.

But each college is a little world in another sense. Each dormitory is an essential public constituent, and the student's room his *cas'ellum*, his "city of refuge." Dormitory life, the gregarious period of life, is where we best learn that greatest of complexities, human character.

A man's room always reflects, to a degree, his individuality. Some rooms are veritable curios. The walls are ornamented with banners, swords, pipes, daggers, signs of every description and significance, the most miscellaneous photographs, oars, fans, dance-cards, programs, etchings, class and 'Varsity pictures, and anything that fancy or ingenuity can suggest. The frame of every picture is variegated with pretensions to social favour, *menus*, invitations, cards, and everything else. On the table or book-case is always to be found a box of the latest and best "mixture" and a briarwood or meerschaum to test. Guitar or mandolin are ever ready to pass a pleasant hour before supper, and every one always is willing for a talk or a good book.

Some students (or men, if you prefer it) have an advantage in Dod, Brown or Edwards. They can "sport the oak" and read their favourite authors unmolested. But in the others the would-be visitor will quietly look through the slide and frankly inform the occupant that, if he refuse to open, he will have no door—to forthwith enter.

There is something in college life that makes us listless and intensely critical, often unjustly so. There is something that makes us desultory and thoughtless. There is, too, notwithstanding our culture, something in the unrestraint and freedom that is vulgarizing in its tendency, something that blunts the finer sensibilities of our moral and spiritual natures, so that what before seemed subtle violations of the Decalogue are now but lightly spoken of as the vagaries of that unrest incident to the curriculum. The bane of American colleges at present is that the undergraduate's life is not serious.

But an eminent New Yorker some time ago said that while Princeton as yet has not produced the thinkers that Yale and Harvard have, still, in most communities with which he had been associated, the men holding responsible positions of power and influence were largely Princeton men. Perhaps this was putting it rather strongly. But it at least shows the truth of Professor Wilson's remark that "Princeton develops that stern, hard stuff we call character."

One of Yale's representatives at the debate last year said that to him the most positive advantages that Princeton had in comparison with Yale and Harvard were the two features of college life peculiar to her, the non-fraternity spirit and the campus life. Fraternities certainly cut a college to pieces. It is no longer, properly speaking, college life, but fraternity life. They create prejudices and prevent and destroy that sense of freedom and equality so characteristic of Princeton men. It may be fairly questioned whether our traditional campus life could exist with the same all-pervasive congeniality and fellowship as now if the non-fraternity spirit were to be uprooted.

But there is, too, a more pronounced moral sentiment at Princeton than any other American college. College evangelists say so. Murray Hall and the respective class prayer meetings evince it and a strong, reserved undercurrent sustains them. The undergraduate body is distinctively Christian in "dogma" and life. "The Curriculum," writes Mr. Wallace, '91, "has always preserved a place for Bible study; the philosophical chairs, while taking a liberal attitude toward the new evolutionary metaphysics, and recognizing its valuable contributions to the world's thought, have stood firmly on the ground of Christian Theistic philosophy. Over half the members of the college are professing Christians and the undergraduate life is dominated by Christian men." Some years ago President Patton put it still more strongly. "We must submit," he said of Princeton, "to no ecclesiastical dictation in science or philosophy. We will not read Aquinas because the Pope says so, and we will not refuse to read Spencer when we please. We stand by the franchises of

thought that Protestantism has given us. We believe in God. We believe in Christ. We believe, moreover, in surrounding men with Christian influences."

These are the causes of character. Princeton is Christian, and she stands, too, not for the narrowness of specialization, but for true breadth of scholarship and culture, with moral worth as the acme and goal of all education.

Merit is recognized, though, in every line from ethics to football, especially foot-ball. As Mr. Thomas W. Hotchkiss, Jr., has written, "The college gossip, the traveled man, the artist, the musician, the joker, the *littérateur*, the athlete, the religious enthusiast, all are here," forming a combination in which a man must be truly isolated if he cannot find a sympathizing companion.

Some of us have heeded the advice of Horace Greely, and thought we would "Go West and grow up with *the* country." Some of us have felt the need of rising from the stifling Mississippi valley or of crossing it from the Rockies to get a whiff of the eastern sea. It was with regard to this latter class that President Patton, when speaking of the smaller western colleges, observed, "And, further, the boy who goes to one of your excellent colleges, when he reaches his Senior year is apt to say, 'I would like to go East.' He has read in his Testament that wise men came from the East. He would like to get near salt water. He remembers the shouts of the troops in Xenophon, 'The sea, the sea!' He wishes to prosecute special research—wishes to study philosophy at Princeton, or Volapük at Yale, or join the Browning Club at Harvard, and he will come East."

And so here we are, world representative, from the Antipodes the Indian Territory, and Occident and Orient clasp hands in the middle of Atlantic and Pacific to dance around this old "terrestrial hall," singing "Long life to Old Nassau!"

I look up at my books. On one of the backs is the title *An Edinburgh Eleven*, and I remember the words with which Mr. Barrie begins his portrait of Professor Masson: "Though a man might, to my mind, be better employed than in going to

college, it is his own fault if he does not strike on some one there who sends his life off at a new angle."

Paul Griswold Huston.

LINES.

WHEN the leaves are gently falling, falling o'er the past forlorn,
And the evening shadows lengthen, and the stars delay the morn,

'Tis the time of all the seasons saddest to the heart of man
When he traces out his life's course from the time it first began.

Then he sees arrayed before him all the follies of the past,
All the hopes, and joys, and sorrows, anchors holding memory fast.

And there comes a longing o'er him that those days might live again,
Till a happier impulse prompts him to forget what they contain.

Ponder well then life's enigmas, never think thy task is done,
While the sands in Nature's hour-glass on to their completion run.

R. D. Hatch.

THE ANARCHIST.

THE red sun had sunk behind the stately Palisades, leaving the great city scorched by the fierceness of its summer heat. In a hot and suffocating garret in one of the East Side tenements, a dozen men were gathered. The door of the room was locked and bolted. Tattered blankets hung before the dusty windows, and no one saw the flickering candle light within the room, so carefully was every crevice covered. One of the men, a Frenchman, was talking in a low tone, and the others listened to him attentively, and now and then smiled grimly to each other and nodded, and were silent. There was something weird and unnatural in the attitude of these men. Not the faintest sound broke the stillness of the room save the half whispering voice of the speaker, and yet the terrible earnestness with which

he uttered the words held the others spellbound. The little Frenchman's face was flushed, and his eyes sparkled like fire. Carried away with excitement he had risen from his seat at the table. As he drew near the close of his speech he lost all control of his feelings, and with an exultant cry of "Vive l'Anarchie!" he sank back into his chair exhausted.

A murmur of applause greeted the speaker as he finished. The effect was just as he had expected. Those who had been faint-hearted before, now took courage. They became enthusiastic, exultant, furious in the cause of social reform. Nothing but the fear of being discovered kept them from shouting for joy—joy in the belief that they were martyrs to that cause. The time had come for decisive action. A mass-meeting of the unemployed was to be held the following night in Union Square. Many of the capitalists and manufacturers would be present on the platform erected for the speakers. Several of them would address that immense crowd of strikers. Magnificent opportunity! said the anarchists; and they made their plans accordingly. Since, they reasoned, the wealth of the capitalists is the direct cause of the want among the poor, the fault lies with the capitalists. They must be destroyed; and the anarchists were ready to work their destruction. They would draw lots. They had sworn to abide by the result. The successful man must express the sentiment of his fellows by hurling a bomb upon the orators' platform. It was too late to withdraw. And so the lots were cast.

It was by a strange caprice of fortune that the one to whose lot it fell to do the deed was the only one among them all who was not in full sympathy with the movement. Yet John Keppel dared not intimate to the others that he was unwilling to carry out their wishes. He had pledged to stand by the decision, and these men trusted him and expected him to strike a blow for them in the name of social reform. He well knew how these men would revenge themselves upon him should he fail to throw the bomb; for they would stop at nothing in order to prevent their plans from being frustrated. Yet he realized there was no

possible escape for him if he did throw it, and he began to waver and dread the arrest which he saw to be inevitable.

The other men had gone and left him alone in the attic room. Their work was done. His had just commenced. It was with a feeling of desperation that he remembered the time when the future seemed bright to him and fortune smiled upon him and he was happy. He had been a skilled mechanic once—not so long ago after all, he thought—and he had saved from his wages almost enough to get married. But he had been ordered by his Union to strike, and he obeyed; and the long season during which he was out of work had swallowed up everything. He could not ask her to share with him a pauper's existence, and he told her so. In despair he joined a society whose purpose, he was told, was to discuss the political situation; but he soon found that their aim was not to reform the social order, but to destroy it. The awful reality of his position struck him with an overpowering force when Joe Pardell, one of the members of his society, was convicted of an attempt at bomb-throwing. Might not the same fate await *him* as had befallen Pardell? And if it did, would the other anarchists pity him? In the case of Pardell, they had been loud in their assertions that the convicted man was not guilty. He was only "rash" and "premature;" the "villainy of existing society" was the real criminal. And, imbued with this idea, they had redoubled their efforts which culminated in this secret meeting in the tenement on the East Side.

The solitary anarchist had been thinking over these things for some time, and it had grown late. A church-bell far over the city had just tolled the hour of two. The air in the garret was suffocating, and he arose and went to the open window. Removing the blanket which hung there, he sat down wearily and looked out upon the still deserted street. At length he bowed his head upon his outstretched arms, and the cool night wind blowing in from the sea breathed gently on his hot flushed face. It had become suddenly dark without. A dense black cloud drifted across the face of the moon, and the low rumbling of

distant thunder gave warning of the coming storm. A few drops were already falling, and they rattled ominously against the dusty panes. The solitary candle flickered uncertainly, and, caught by a sudden gust of wind, sputtered feebly and went out, leaving the room enveloped in an atmosphere of impenetrable gloom.

* * * * *

The day had come and gone and it was night again. Union Square was crowded with the strikers. The bright glare of the electric lights flashed coldly upon the pale faces of men and women who had stared poverty in the face for many a day because they needed the employment that was not given. Driven almost to desperation they had come to hear the speeches in a spirit of hostility. They knew they would go away as hopeless as they came, and yet they were willing to come. On the edge of the crowd an old man and a young girl were making unsuccessful attempts to get nearer the speaker's platform.

"It's no use, Nell," he was saying, "we can't get nearer. Perhaps we can hear 'em from here, though," and they sat down on a bench and waited for the speakers to begin. The crowd increased every moment and many were unable to make their way nearer the platform than these two. Suddenly the girl remarked:

"See, father, there's Jack—over by the fountain. I know he saw us, but he *will* look the other way. He always used to speak to us. I'll ask him to come and sit with us—may I?"

"All right, Nell."

She pressed through the crowd to the little fountain where the young man was sitting alone. "Jack," she said, "what's the matter with you? Why didn't you come over when you saw us?"

He seemed not to hear her, for he answered mechanically to her questions: "Why—I don't—know. You see I—but never mind."

"But I *do* mind." Then seeing a small satchel at his side she asked curiously, "what's this, Jack?" and she picked it up as she spoke.

"Drop that—no, don't drop it, for heaven's sake," he exclaimed. He tore it from her hands and laid it gingerly upon the bench beside him.

"What's in it?" she asked, wonderingly. She could not understand his actions, he seemed so excited. "What are you going to do with it?"

"Throw it on the platform," he replied laconically.

"What for?"

"Look here, Nell," he whispered leaning toward her, "you promise not to breathe a word of what I say? Well, then, I'll tell you. This satchel has a dynamite bomb in it—that's why I'm going to throw it on the platform. It will explode, of course, and blow up some of those capitalists, and—and d—— it, *they're* the ones that cut down wages and keep us poor people out of work and—it 'll be a good thing to kill 'em."

He was talking rapidly, desperately, almost incoherently, hardly knowing what he said, and he did not see the deathly pallor which overspread her face.

"Jack;" she cried, "don't; you'll be arrested."

"I know it. But I can't help it now. I've promised to do this. The others expect me to. Besides, all these people are against the speakers. They'll be glad to see 'em killed."

"But suppose they were in favour of the rich men—suppose they were all promised work—would you or any of those others want to blow them up? And then, Jack," she added hopefully, "if you did have work again, we could—that is, I mean you might save enough so that we could—could—"

"Yes, yes, I know, Nell. I wish I could think so. Don't speak of that now, for I must go—I have waited too long—it must be done." And seizing the satchel he abruptly left her and disappeared in the crowd. She would have gone after him and held him back, but already the surging throng had swallowed him up and she knew it was useless to search for him. She returned to where her father was sitting and there awaited the explosion she expected to occur at any moment. But no sound came to her ears save the restless movement of the crowd,

the murmur of many voices, and the loud tones of the orator. Suddenly a cheer broke from the lips of the multitude which echoed and re-echoed from the tall buildings about the square. "Surely," thought Nell, "these people are not against the speakers. But Jack said they were and Jack knows. Perhaps those shouts mean that the manufacturers will agree to the demands of the strikers. Perhaps they will all have work again—and then—and then if that is so, Jack will not throw that bomb after all. Ah; I hope it is so." Her face was flushed with expectancy and her breath came fast as again the mighty crowd burst forth into a cheer which fairly shook the starry sky above. The wildest excitement prevailed. Men and women who had not known a happy day for weeks went about with faces wreathed in smiles. It meant work for them and their cup of joy was full, poor souls.

A few minutes later a man could have been seen to hurriedly leave the crowd about the speaker's platform and make his way out of the square and down a street toward the East Side. He carried a satchel at which he glanced furtively from time to time. It was a long walk to the river, but at last the twinkling lights on the opposite shore shone out brightly through the gloom. He made his way out on one of the piers where the dark river rolled swiftly and silently by, and he peered down into the black waters which lapped the edge of the dock. He looked anxiously about him. No one was in sight. Only the hoarse whistle of a tug broke the stillness. Kneeling down, he held something over the side of the pier. There was a loud splash, and the inky black waters rolled on to the sea. The anarchist rose quickly and walked rapidly away.

Andrew C. Imbrie.

THE BRONZE-HILTED SWORD.

"THERE, Dot, kiss brother and run off to Susan and get ready for dinner, for father and mother will soon be home, and you must be neatly dressed to receive them."

The little girl threw her arms affectionately around her brother's neck, gave him a kiss, and darted from the room.

Arthur Burgess sank back in his thick leather covered, upholstered chair, puffed vigorously on his cigarette, which had become half extinguished, and gave himself up to his thoughts.

Young Burgess was a fellow who had had all the advantages which money and kind and loving parents could give. He had just passed his twenty-third birthday, having graduated from college two years previously. His last year at college had been to him one of constant anxiety and perplexity as to what vocation he would be best suited for in after life. He had never been a brilliant student. He had never even been what was termed at college a plodder. What he had was his own native brightness, his quick-wittedness, and with this he had gone through his college course not "*magna cum laude*," or "*cum laude*," but—what was the ordinary rate of standing—creditably.

After graduation, his father had sent him on a trip around the world, in company with a near neighbor's son who had been a constant friend and chum of young Burgess. After their return home Burgess had gone into a law office, where he was now at work preparing for a lawyer's vocation.

To look back on his trip was to the young man the living over of the past events, and it was his pleasure, when none were near with whom he could get into conversation, to quietly sink into his favourite chair before the great open fire-place, and let his thoughts wander back to the scenes of his travels.

The handsome room in which he was seated was decorated on all sides by souvenirs and relics which he had picked up on his rambles. Through the gathering gloom of the room, through which the bright flame of the burning logs in the fire-place softly

penetrated, he could discern the outline of this or that thing, which vividly recalled to him the circumstance of its purchase and surroundings at the time. There, on top of the massive book-case, stood the quaint clogs worn by the Japanese people, and he remembered the dark, straight-haired, brown-eyed little Japanese beauty who had sold them to him, and his parting "sayonara" (one of the few words he had picked up) as he left.

Crossed, over the door, were two Alpenstocks which recalled to him his week's sojourn at the foot of the snow-crowned Alps, and brought before him the face of a girl whom he had met at a dance, and whose card, bearing the legend "Miss Ethel Lockwood," now lay in his card-case. She was an English girl, and, since her return to that country, he had received two letters from her, which he had been prompt to answer. The great bear-skin mat at his feet and the set of sleigh-bells hanging over the great fire-place spoke eloquently to him of Russia, of his thrilling sleigh-ride behind three whirlwind steeds, and his visit to the Novogorod Fair. So one after another of the mementos led his imagination onward, until at last his eyes rested upon a large, heavy, old-fashioned sword, suspended among other things over the grate. The fire from the burning embers reflected it across the room to a mirror, then back again, gilding the edges of the old-time relic of war with a warm, blood-like hue. About four feet long, with a two-inch blade of steel, darkened by time and use, and a heavy, carved hilt of bronze, the warrior stood, grim and still, in bold relief from among an array of revolvers, daggers and pipes of all nations.

Far off to sunny Spain, the land of tinkling music and romantic maidens, the young man's fancy took its flight. Back to the tiny villa, with its little row of low, latticed houses, interspersed with flowering plants and graceful fruit trees. Back to the little shop of odds and ends, with its queer old native store-keeper and his wealth of fairy lore. It was here, in a nook of the little shop, that he had spied the old instrument of death, forgotten and unknown, the playground of the weaving spider and the resting-place of the dust of time.

Eager to talk, and having ready listeners, the patriarch was but too pleased to unfold the history of the sword. Belonging at a time, now long past, to one of the nobles of the land, it had, in his strong hand, oft cleaved its way to victory and to fame. He wooed and won the heart of a fair daughter of a knight of no mean name, yet he found no favour in the father's eyes. Stern decree forbade that he should meet the maiden of his heart, but love has laughed at obstacles from times ago, and the two fled, pursued by an unrelenting father. Overtaken, the younger man meets the elder face to face, who, drawing his sword, plunged it at the young man's breast. With a cry the maiden threw herself on her lover's breast, and the gleaming steel pierced them both. The elder man, seeing the rashness of his act, drew out the reeking sword, and placing the point upon his breast, fell on it and expired.

What tales of romance and of war that inanimate, yet living, piece of steel could tell. Its day is past and gone. Hanging there now on the chimney-place, harmless and unfear'd, with its dim halo of red fire-light, it seems a silent story-teller of the days when it once was young and in its prime.

The young man's eyes have closed, as he sits close up to the hearth, with his feet resting on the massive iron fenders, the extinguished cigarette still between his fingers. Lost deep in sweet thought he knows naught of the crumbling of the treacherous plaster around the base of the nail supporting the heavy bronze-hilted sword. There is a sudden crash, as it comes tumbling down, the bronze hilt striking the dozing thinker square on the head. Then all is still.

* * * * *

The door of the room opens, and a little figure glides quietly up behind the young man's chair, suddenly throws her tiny arms around his neck, and prints two little kisses on his brow. "Come, Arty, papa and mamma are home and dinner's ready. Wake up, brother. Why don't you talk to little Dot?"

The old bronze-hilted sword had yet another tale to tell.

Franklin B. Morse.

DAS HERZ.

(Translated from the German of Neumann.)

TWO silent chambers bath the heart,
Wherein there dwell
Sorrow and joy, lone and apart.

In one awakened joy doth hover,
While slumbers still
Sad sorrow lightly in the other.

O joy, I pray thee, have a care
And whisper low,
That sorrow wake not unaware.

Wilbur M. Urban.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

MOONSHINE.

The moonbeams have unwilling slaves,
Shadows, grey, and grim, and tall.
From caverns dark, and gloomy caves,
In frantic rout they drive them out,
When the night begins to fall.

'Neath glittering swords of tyrants dread,
They fill the earth with phantoms grey.
The trees are ghosts with arms outspread.
Each spectred face mocks Nature's grace,
'Neath moonbeams' mystic sway.

C. Waldo Cherry.

A CASE OF IDENTITY.

It was a cold, cheerless night. The wind whistled shrilly among the giant trees now stripped of their summer foliage.

Straight through the heart of the forest, stretched the gleaming tracks of the railroad. Mile after mile extended the bright steel rails without curving so much as an inch. The stone road-bed gave out a hollow rumble as now and then a long train thundered by.

A bridge with a single arch spanned the forest stream, now flowing silently under its frozen surface.

A thick growth of willows and laurel covered the banks of the stream. Now they were leafless and dead. To-night beneath their friendly shadow a little group of men were gathered. Each one bore signs of poverty and want. They shivered in the icy wind. And yet on each gaunt, hungry face was painted desperation and courage. Their eyes had the fierce glare of the hungry wolf's, who leaves his mountain fastnesses and preys among the haunts of men. They had a leader. All men have

when they are forced to deeds of courage or desperation. He was speaking in a low, guarded tone.

"It's almost time, boys. She's due in an hour. Tim, is the lantern ready?" Silently the man addressed brought forth a lantern from under his coat. It was turned so low that only a faint red glow was visible.

"Yes," he muttered, "she'll do her duty all right."

"Remember," continued the leader, "it's a state's prison job. We're goin' to hold up the Southern, an' there can't be no mistakes made now." And his revolver glittered in the cold moonlight.

"There she is, now," he exclaimed, listening intently, as a shrill note from a whistle was heard far in the distance.

The men all knew their positions. They separated and in couples took up their positions along the track. Far down the road gleamed a tiny speck of fire. It was the head-light of the approaching engine.

Slowly it grows, and the rails begin to tremble and quiver. The light is a fiery eye now casting its beams far ahead. The only object it meets is a solitary man standing between the rails, frantically waving the danger signal. Two short, sharp blasts of the whistle, a grinding of the powerful brakes, a lurch of the whole train, and the engine, with its darkened, spectral cars behind it, comes to a standstill just opposite the leader.

Two men spring upon the steps on either side of the engine, and confront the trainmen with revolvers.

"Don't move, or you're dead men," says the leader.

"Not quite yet," responded a voice from the tender.

The two men wheeled around and discovered one of the brakemen whom they had not noticed standing in the shadow. The engineer and fireman saw their opportunity, and, as the robbers turned, quick as a flash they sprang upon them, and after a brief struggle, had them lying on the floor of the cab securely bound.

One quick tug at the throttle, and the engine plunged forward again. Just then there was a rush of wind, a rattle and roar, and another train swept by on the track beside. The leader

called feebly to the engineer. "Say, pard, you've got me sure enough now, but would you mind telling me what train's that?"

The engineer looked at him in amazement. "That? Why, that's the Southern Express, tho' I'm blessed if I see why you want to know."

The man sat up. "Why, w-what train's this?" he exclaimed.

A light broke in on the engineer, and he smiled grimly. "Special, No. 11. Empty freight-cars for the yards at Phily," he answered.

Howard White.

CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS IN TURKEY.

The efforts of a country to keep its people in ignorance of the light and civilization of the age is like the efforts of a hen-mother to keep her duckling foster children from the water, absurdly ineffectual as regards them and a source of amusement for others.

A barbarous nation, on finding out the benefits of civilized life, accepts new customs readily, from peasant to potentate, but with one exception. When the power of the ruler is dependent on the mental poverty of the ruled, light is excluded more rigidly from that country than are the Chinese from the United States. Such is the state of affairs in the Turkish Empire. To see a great power deliberately forbid its subjects to acquire the wisdom of the age, because it sees that their learning is its own downfall, is pitiable and exasperating. Instances of this policy of rigid censorship are so numerous that one hardly knows how to make a selection of some to serve as examples. To say that the daily press of the Turkish capital is under strict surveillance is to put it mildly. News from all quarters is subjected to official revision previous to publication, and all matter deemed "dangerous" is forbidden to appear. Thus the public is kept in as perfect ignorance as possible on such subjects as the Brazilian revolution, the bomb in the Paris Chamber of Deputies, attempts on the life of the Tsar and kindred topics. A struggle has been in progress for many months past in the country itself, between some down-

trodden but over-zealous and foolhardy Armenians and the proud, pig-headed and inhuman soldiery of his majesty; but all reference to any conflict is strictly prohibited. A single instance of this prohibition will suffice. A pitched battle was fought some weeks ago in an interior town of Asia Minor, called Yozgat, in which several on both sides were killed and wounded. This was but one of several eruptions within a short space of time. But the account of it in the Turkish paper was as follows: "Thanks to the gracious and efficient rule of His Imperial Majesty, peace and prosperity reign throughout the empire. An investigating committee has been sent to see to matters in Yozgat." All references to the history of any nation, past or present, is prohibited in the newspapers, because it might rouse revolutionary thoughts in the Armenian minds. The Parliament of Religions at Chicago last summer was passed by without note or comment by any of the eight or nine daily papers of Constantinople, for the same reason that made the Mohammedan authorities forbid delegates to attend the Parliament.

Severe and senseless as this muzzling the mouth of the newspaper press seems to be, the treatment of books that are brought into the country is even more so, at times. No text-book on history or geography can be taken through the custom-house without losing the pages pertaining to Mohammedanism or to Turkey; this causes great inconvenience to the many schools and colleges where English is the language of the class-rooms. A short time ago an article on chemistry was detained at the censor's office so long that the owner went to see about it. He was told that the symbol H_2O would not be tolerated in print, as it was an insult to his majesty. On being assured that it was merely a symbol for water, the reply was made, "Oh! no, you can't fool us; you mean by it, Hamid II., zero!" A zealous censor was supervising the edition of a portion of the Scriptures some months since, when he came to the passage relating to the coming of our Lord "into the world to save sinners." He demanded that this be altered, as it did not refer to Mohammedans, and be made to read "to save Christian sinners." Fortunately the printing of the Bible is secured by treaty, and his demand was

not enforced. The latest of the many books excluded by imperial edict from the dominions is Robinson Crusoe, the cause of its banishment being that the innocent Robinson had inadvertently named his dog "Turk."

One of the busiest and dirtiest of the business portions of Constantinople is that called Galata. Here an enterprising and pious Greek printer was at work earning his daily bread; and, as an advertisement of the work done within, printed a verse of Scripture as a specimen and posted it outside of his door. It read: "Do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith—*Παῖλος Πρὸς Γαλατᾶς*." His door opened one day, and in walked some police officers, who inquired the meaning and origin of the quotation. Not being satisfied with his explanation, they hurried him to prison, where he was again asked who this man Paul was, and why he had written such a letter to the people of Galata. They laughed at his statement that Paul was long since dead, and it was only the arrival of a well-known priest, who showed the officers the text in the Galatians, that released the astonished printer from durance very vile.

The limits of the subject do not admit of our going into the question of the opening of letters and the suppression of telegrams, which have become matters of daily occurrence. Suffice it is to say that the writer had occasion to send a telegram recently a distance of 350 miles in that country and the message arrived at its destination intact; but it was thirty-one days en route. Most of these troubles, as well as many of the difficulties with regard to press censorship, arise from the incompetence of under-officials rather than from imperial orders; but still it is readily seen that one would hardly come to Turkey in order to publish a revolutionary newspaper or to edit a book on freedom.

P. A.

AN ECSTASY.

(Translation from the French of Victor Hugo.)

I sat by the waves on a star-lighted night,
No mist on the sea, and the heavens were bright.

From the world of mere things I turned my eyes higher,
And the woods and the mountains and nature all
With their murmur confused seemed to question and call
The ocean's waves, the heavens' fire.

And in unnumbered legions the stars of gold
In high tones and low tones harmoniously told,

While bowing their fiery crowns with accord,
And the blue waves that nothing can rule or arrest
Gave answer, while bending the foam of their crest,
"It is the Lord, 'tis the Lord God."

Edward James Patterson.

EDITORIAL.

AS already announced the LIT. offers a prize of ten dollars for the best story submitted on or before March 5th, 1894. It is unnecessary to call the attention of the Junior Class to the importance of this contest; while the contest is open to the whole college we especially expect the final and best effort of those men who are trying for next year's board, as the March issue will be the last number published before the elections.

Contributions, including stories submitted for this prize, will be due March 5th, 1894.

PAST AND PRESENT.

EVERYONE at one time or another seems bound to play the part of *laudator temporis actæ*. Wherever we look we find this true. Pre-Raphaelitism is as inevitable in art as classic revivals in fiction. Macaulay struck a note of realism in making his *raconteur* of the keeping of the bridge by Horatius bewail the degeneracy of his own time. *O tempora! O mores!* is a universal cry, and the chosen people in the desert, whom war and pestilence could not dishearten, wept at the lost leeks and onions of Egypt.

We see the same thing in our daily life. The statesmen of our time seem cast in a lesser mould than those who brought in the present century. Our clothes are made of flimsier cloth; our artisans have degenerated; our girls are frivolous, and our young men not much better. In college we find the same irresistible tendency. We say that the old customs and traditions are passing away; college life is becoming conventional, and many of us seem to have an undefined suspicion that when we come back ten years hence we shall hardly know the old college. Many people seem to have the impression that the modern

college student is a sadly degenerate type of being; a stolid young man, entirely devoted to athletics, taking what little study he must as a necessary evil, and with no thought or aspiration beyond the success of his athletic team. Everyone knows that athletics have been carried a little too far; but upon this natural and perfectly apparent fact is reared a spectre of frightful dimensions, the more gruesome because of the contrast with the studious and serious undergraduate of our fore-father's days, of the happy days when a Latin Salutatorian was pointed out to visitors as the college hero; when the sophomores went to bed at nine o'clock to dream of Demosthenes, and when the horrid spectre of football had not intruded its odious face. This exaltation of the past and lamentations over our own degenerate days is natural, and, from a psychological point of view, extremely interesting; and when it transcends the bounds of common sense and finds voice in such childish twaddle as the rhythmic editorials of the *Evening Post*, it becomes positively amusing, except that there is always danger that foreigners, ignorant of our country and of New York journalism, may take the *Evening Post* seriously.

But, while such cases as the *Evening Post* are a disease rather than a natural growth, yet none of us can escape the tendency to exalt the past; and it is probable that we cast about it a halo that it hardly deserves. There is considerable truth in Owen Meredith's lines:

"All acted time
By that which succeeds it, is ever received
As calmed, completer, and more sublime,
Only because it is finished: because
We only behold the thing it achieved;
We behold not the thing that it was.
For while it stands whole and immutable,
In the marble of memory,—we who have seen
But the statue before us,—how can we tell
What the men that have hewn at the block may have been?
Their passion is merged in its passionlessness;
Their strife in its stillness closed forever."

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in the literary fashions of the coming generation. It may seem absurd to speak of changes marked in so short a period as five or six years. Yet it seems to us that a great proportion of the youth of our time—meaning the men now entering college, younger brothers in the preparatory schools, &c.—are growing up in a literary atmosphere different from what ours has been. The generation that will stamp its individuality upon the second and third decades of the twentieth century seems to be surrounded by an atmosphere different from any that have gone before. We often wonder how keenly they will appreciate Thackeray and our other friends. For when the traditions and influences that surrounded Thackeray and Tennyson and Hawthorne and those others that represent our time shall have wholly passed away, as they seem to be even now passing away, it is a matter of curious speculation as what the next generation shall find in their place. In the modern shifting of standards Shakespeare and Scott and all our old friends seem to have lost something of their old hold. It is probably true that Shakespeare was never so highly appreciated as now, but the point we wish to make is that Shakespeare and the others seem to have lost, with the incoming generation, that profound and familiar hold that they have had. The study of Shakespeare is becoming philological rather, and scientific; school boys no longer feel a personal grief when they come to the last page of Julius Cæsar, and Brutus falls on his sword; they do not shudder at the three witches, nor people the air with Macbeth's victims when they go out after dark. If they are familiar with these old friends at all, it is with the cold familiarity of criticism; they have learned without a pang the fact that to us was so painful, that much of Marc Antony's oration first saw the light in Shakespeare's room, and that the poet is guilty of the most frightful anachronisms.

The old books that we read in the seclusion of the hay-loft, or in the mysterious hours of the night until the lamp burned out and our hair showed a painful tendency to rise on end, are put in their hands as models of English style. Modern fiction aims at brilliancy, and prides itself on cutting loose from the

past, and we confess that we do not altogether complain. We should rather take *Silas Lapham* on a railway journey than *Clarissa Harlowe*. Whether Tess Durbeyfield is better company than Beatrix Esmond is more of a question.

Perhaps we should not repine at this shifting process. It may be that a closer approach to reality, a keener analysis and a wider vision are the marks of a healthful advance. It may be that the Sunday newspaper and the giant magazine are outgrowths of a finer culture than any our fathers knew. But we can not help feeling now and then that the coming generation is bound to miss a great many pleasant acquaintances and never know a hundred splendid friends that filled our world, and that a man has lost a wonderfully pleasant experience who has never known the companionship of Brutus and Cassius, nor shuddered at Cæsar's ghost, nor peopled his boyish world with the Roman legions and Scott's Highlanders nor heard the twang of Locksley's arrow as it split the willow wand. Doubtless our contemporaries write better stories than Scott and understand history much better than Shakespeare ever could, but we prefer a preliminary illusion and think that the finer work of our own time shines all the brighter for those that have once lived in the reflected glory of the past.

THE PLACE OF THE SEMINAR IN THE COLLEGE CURRICULUM.

WE HAD occasion to refer last month to the increasing importance of original research in modern colleges. The unfortunate system of grading upon the basis of an examination, on a course of lectures or a text-book—a system which is so largely prevalent—removes what might be a great incentive to original research. This defect is obviated in the seminary method of instruction, in which the ability to memorize a syllabus or a series of notes counts for very little. We, accordingly, find a concurrence of testimony that is almost unanimous in making seminary

work, when properly directed and faithfully carried out, far more satisfactory than ordinary curriculum work. But, from its very nature, the seminar can never have more than a limited application, though occasionally a professor is enabled to apply what is practically the same in its results as the seminary method in a large class, but, as a general rule, this cannot be the case. For the present, and until we have escaped from the bondage of index-learning, a small seminar in each department may reasonably be expected to supply all present demands. But, so far, we have not one in every department. They are provided in the historical department and in the department of mental science, and this, we believe, is all. This want we hope to see remedied within the near future, and especially in the department of literature and kindred branches. The professors in these subjects have their hands full as it is, and could ill afford the additional burden of seminary courses, but we hope that in some manner provision will be made so as to allow opportunity for adequate and intelligently-directed original research in all departments. Our retired position and limited library make extensive original research impossible in some departments, but there is no such obstacle in the way of a literary seminar. There is a vast amount of original work that can be done; for example, in the Elizabethan drama, and work that does not require such a very extensive equipment.

When the seminary method has once been fairly introduced we shall probably see the last of the old-fashioned system of grading on a basis of index-learning, and if honors have to be retained at all, they will probably be given for original work.

GOSSIP.

Who never worked the Night in Sorrow,
 Who never spent the darksome hours,
 Grinding and polling for the morrow,
 He knows ye not, ye gloomy powers!
 (With apologies to Goethe, and the Faculty)

"George Washington's a gentleman of credit and renown."

IT is one of those early and prematurely springlike afternoons peculiar to late winter. The Lrr. sanctum is hot and sunny. The Gossip sinks lazily into the office chair, quite exhausted from a slow shambling walk to the cage, and starts to meditate upon what he has read, seen or heard, appropriate to the month of February. Click goes the door slot. The postman has sent the Lrr's portion scattering over the floor. The Gossip rises, collects and arranges the Treasurer's mail, carefully dusts the table, examines the exchanges from the *North American Review* to the *Princetonian*, and finally ends by resting his elbows upon the window-sill, and stands and stares sleepily through the iron gratings, out on to the campus.

Just coming around the corner of Old North from the Museum, is a girl with her Freshman brother and four of his Freshman friends. She is walking with one friend whilst the others bring up the rear. The girl, half turning, looks happy, and is talking vivaciously to all five at once. The Freshmen have stiff hats on, and city clothes, and are very self-conscious and seem to feel under the necessity of bowing to every one they pass. The group is fast becoming the centre of interest to a crowd of upper classmen about the corner of West, who are lounging and smoking and leaning against the lamp-post. As the girl approaches all simultaneously take their pipes from their mouths and hands from their pockets, and stare attentively up at the fifth floor of Reunion. When the small procession is safely by, back go the pipes and the gaze, until the girl, with her uneasy contingent, has disappeared down past Clio Hall. Little by little, as the Gossip stands there, the crowd lessens and diminishes—even loafing seems to go hard; the exams. are just over and the contrast is something quite disconcerting.

What a terrible thing examinations are anyway, and yet we, as well as professors, could not altogether get along without them. For one thing they're about the most intense and exciting part of college life, and their agony, like the agony of watching a foot-ball game, is never to be forgotten. Oh, the horror of those midnight hours, when the Syllabus grows dim, and the hands of your watch glide surely on, when you rise in your sleepy terror of the morrow, and dash cold water in your face or run to your window and let the cool night air blow down fall upon

you. Those are the times which try men's souls, when, as you grind there, you are entertained with the man who was too lazy to take notes during the term, and who forgot to buy a Syllabus, as he stands on the campus yelling to all his friends in the dormitory, canvassing each room for "Just a half hour's glance at the Ethics," and when, as the windows one after another bang shut, you hear his voice die away in the distance, "Hello, Smith! Hello, Small!"—and then, as in final desperation: "Hello, anybody!"

Once again you are at your table, and are down to work—faintly but clearly, way down by Brown, there's a cry of Fresh Fire! a horn begins to blow, and soon all Brown and then Dod are in an uproar. Slowly but surely the wave of noise has rolled on toward Edwards and to West. You are getting into a state of nervous delirium, Ethics fast fade away, and in a minute you are at your own window, and are leaning out, with the biggest horn in your possession, leading your dormitory gallantly to the fray. But at last the wave passes, the frantic yells of "cork up" are having their effect, and soon, save for a farewell toot now and then, silence reigns supreme.

Washington's Birthday marks a turning point in college life. To the eager Freshman and unsuppressible Sophomore, it is, or was in the good old days, the grand finale and winding up of hazing. It is the time of doughty deeds, when missing spans of water tower ladders are scaled in utter darkness, the time when the houses of our most respected burghers are wont, chameleon-like, to change their colors, and when banners are displayed from the dizzy heights of roofs and belfries. To Seniors it is also a day of horse play and revel, but of revel tinged and underlined with sadness. For the first time eyes are turned to retrospect, and the very tales and jokes of "Way back in Freshman Year" are told and heard with an inexpressible feeling of longing and of vain clinging to the past. Forgetting as well as remembering, we all come together in the Gym. in a good old noisy, happy Princeton way—shoulder to shoulder we sit on those long, hard benches, poller and sport and saint are side by side in good fellowship, and there we stamp and roar and laugh over how we nearly got dropped, or how we were caught by old Mat Goldie, and were brought quaking before the terrible tribunal of the Faculty. Old Mat. and Freshman life have long since gone. The very scrapes and their remorse and anguish time has turned to joke, and our awful terror, once so real, has become quite laughable. How earnest we were then! What excitements and wrangling accompanied even our temporary class elections, and now with all our honest might we can scarcely remember who it was that ran for the office, or whom we so noisily backed, and what the quarrel and the trouble were all about. Old enemies have become friends, old friends have drifted away. We have lived out nearly a college generation, and here, on this birthday, comes the beginning of the end.

The Senior orator is the hero of the day. He is undoubtedly of more interest than any other man in college, not only during the moments of his speech, but for one whole week beforehand. He is stopped and surrounded on the campus, threatened, entreated and exhorted about those terrible jokes and grinds. Among others the gossip's friend, little Danny Tillsbury, is in a state of high dudgeon and alarm. You, of course, know of that little scrape about Bill Legget and the keg,—the one which happened in Sophomore year? Well, Danny says that if that comes out on the Birthday, when mamma and two sisters are going to be there, he doesn't really see what he is going to do. Danny was so worked up about the matter that I'm told, he went to the orator and besought him on bended knee to cross out that portion of his speech. The orator replied that he would, indeed most naturally, inasmuch as he had never even heard of the famous keg. Danny went back to his room quieted and yet a little peaked. It was certainly very comforting to know that mamma would hear nothing, and yet—well it would have been rather nice after all to have appeared just a little tough.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Le génie n'a pas de sexe.

—*Mme. de Staël.*

"GENIUS is not bound by the limitations of sex." The aphorism of the famous Frenchwoman is indeed a hard saying, and few there are that can bear it. Make it your own criterion of true genius, and the *literati* who can stand the test can be counted on your fingers.

However, to no novelist of the English language does this saying apply so correctly as to George Eliot. Indeed, one of George Sand's characters says of her something to this effect, "Why, *she* was no woman. Nature sometimes makes mistakes and George Eliot was a man."

This peculiar feature of Eliot's skill that she could depict men and women alike, with an almost equal fidelity to the essentially mental characteristics of either sex, must appeal more forcibly—in the opinion of the *Table*—to her masculine than to her feminine readers. For a woman to portray other women with marvellous accuracy is talent indeed, but still a talent that is quite imaginable; but for an authoress to represent her male characters as thinking and feeling and being that which seems to every man to be possible to him only because his nature, his psychology, his every trait is *per se* absolutely unfeminine, this transcends mere talent and becomes genius of the very highest rank. In the case of George Eliot this is undoubtedly due to her power of putting herself in another's place, though that other differs from her as darkness does from light, a power that with her could overcome these fetters of sex that limit the range of ordinary minds, and that this power has been felt and appreciated by those most capable of judging it is shown by the fact that every one of her most careful and most elaborate critics have been men.

A single illustration will suffice. Those who have read "The Mill on the Floss" cannot but remember the passage descriptive of the scene between *Maggie* and *Stephen*, on the porch, and its allusion to the admiration ever aroused by the beautiful lines of a woman's arm. At first thought it may seem like a little thing to have been able to write thus, but on reflection it must be evident that none but a genius-inspired woman could have so reflected mental processes that seem characteristically masculine.

MAGAZINES.

Among the brightest and most representative magazines that come to the table each month is *The University Review*, a periodical devoted solely "to university and college interests," and whose editor, as many of the

readers of the LIT. know, is Dr. Marion M. Miller, formerly connected with Princeton. The wide range of topics intimately connected with college life, from the classics to athletics, are treated within these pages with the greatest care and discussed in invariably interesting style, while the high class of illustrations which are offered and the monthly articles on one and another of our colleges make the volume most valuable and attractive. The number of this magazine for January contained a story by Jesse Lynch Williams, Princeton '92, "One of the Freshmen," reprinted from a LIT. of 1891; an elaborate article on "Vanderbilt and her Fraternities," by John H. Dewitt, *Phi Delta*; the second part of T. Mitchell Tyng's well-illustrated article on "The Temple," and an able defense of "Rebuttal Speeches" in "The College Debates" department, whose editor is V. Lansing Collins, Princeton '92. A poem on "The Serenade; Theocritus, Idyl III," by Dr. Miller, is also offered.

The Brown Magazine for January contains, as its first article, an essay on "Tennyson's Conception of Art," by Moore Fogg, Jr., that, while in some sentences it is crude, is still a thoughtful and comprehensive study, whose writer shows that, to him, the principles of art are no closed book, and that he has studied Tennyson with a sympathetic and more than a merely critical mind, indeed with one in full sympathy with his subject. An able defense of the necessarily limited range of "College Verse," in an article of that name, by A. A. Macurda, is very clear, very true and full of art illustrations.

The last number of the *Wesleyan Literary Monthly* has the most careful statistical essay we have ever seen in a college magazine in Frederick L. Knowles' "American Literature's Debt to the College." The writer quotes his authorities in a way that proves his conclusions and that evinces much study of his subject. The article is thus a valuable one, and its deductions may, perhaps, be summed up in its closing sentence, which tells us that "the college has done much for American literature, but the great days for our colleges are yet to come." "At the Feet of Rudyard Kipling," by Cornelius R. Berrien, well illustrates the charm that the great power of directing our human nature as possessed by Kipling has for his readers, but the article fails to show the faults of the young Englishman, whose pen at times evinces a desire to run away with him.

SONNET.

God's earth is hung with pearls to-day, Heaven bends
Close, close above, with tenderest caress,
And smiles her gray, soft smile. The fleecy dress
In which the fields are clad, in beauty blend
And Heaven's gray, where the horizon ends;
And 'gainst the sky, in airy daintiness,
The feathery birches, pearl strung, thronging press.
The day, like God's own peace, all words transcends.

The noise and fret of life are wrapped so deep
Within the silence of the fallen snow,
That God's breath o'er the whole world seems to blow.
O, fair day, in thy beauty thou dost steep
My senses and my mind! I only know
Thy perfectness doth almost make me weep.

—*The Wellesley Magazine.*

"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE."

Beyond the bend I hear the blue jays calling
With booming waves their shrilly cries they blend,
A richer flood of sunlight there is falling
Beyond the bend.

Beyond the bend are yellow shadows lying
That deepen as the day draws near its end:
But I must wait—though swift my heart is flying
Beyond the bend.

Beyond the bend are red, red maples flaming
And sea and sky and hill new beauty lend.
"A rich, sweet, earthly life," they are proclaiming
Beyond the bend.

Beyond the bend—but hark! The church bells ringing
Afair and near their solemn message send.
Hush! for a wearied soul its way is winging
Beyond the bend.

—*The Vassar Miscellany.*

BOOK TALK.

"It is easy to accuse books and bad ones are easily found; the best are but records and not the things recorded."—*Emerson*.

The writings of great authors always create a distinct class of literature. Besides their own productions as a ground work, there will always appear a literature devoted solely to the interpretation of those works and the authors themselves. Thus we have not done everything after reading Shakespeare's dramas. The world has many opinions and interpretations thereof, and we must learn those opinions and compare them with our own, before we can be said to have really *read* Shakespeare.

We have an author in our own day and generation who is almost as widely discussed, and whose writings have caused almost as many conflicting opinions as the immortal writer of Hamlet. But, unfortunately, we cannot seek among the well-stocked shelves of a library, the views of the great men of the time concerning the works of Hendrick Ibsen.

Ibsen is a mystical writer. He writes upon the most trivial common-places of life. But when you have simply perused those seemingly trivial stories, you have not done all. You must read between the lines, and you must be a philosopher to do so, for the hand of a philosopher guided that pen, and underlying the simple plots there are deep motives for their development. The problems of life are Ibsen's theme, and the artist who can paint the varying tints of the clouds at sunset, condescends to picture the common things of life. Of course he becomes more or less an enigma, and the very fact of his being so, demands some interpreter—some kindred philosopher, who can translate his seeming vagaries and inconsistencies for us.

Prof. Boyesen has undertaken this difficult task and accomplished it in the most satisfactory manner. Prof. Boyesen has a special fitness for his theme. As a fellow countryman of Ibsen, he appreciates and understands that morbid spirit, that love of untrammelled freedom, that contempt of the petty ambitions and selfishness of life developed by the peculiar surroundings of the great Norwegian. The introduction to Prof. Boyesen's commentary* is a complete essay upon Ibsen. Prof. Boyesen's more rational spirit sees the weak places in that morbid philosophy, and points them out to us. The commentaries themselves are revelations. They open to the reader's mind a train of ideas, and give him a light he has not known before.

Particularly is this so of "The Doll's House." Every sentence almost, in this commentary on that famous drama, is a suggestion in itself. We feel, as we lay down Prof. Boyesen's book, that a great need to the

* Commentary on the writings of Ibsen, by H. H. Boyesen. (Macmillan & Co.)

present existing literature has been fulfilled. The writings of a great and modern author lie open to us now in all their hidden meanings.

* * * * *

Quaint old Portsmouth, with its gabled roofs and mullioned windows, and wharves rotting in the June sun, has given inspiration to the most famous authors. Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne and many of lesser note than they have rendered its every locality immortal by their descriptions and stories. "An Old Town by the Sea"* once again brings before us this old New England seaport that, one day far gone in the annals of our history, bid fair to eclipse New York and Boston in its commercial importance.

But alas! the hopes of her citizens were never fulfilled. And to-day we can only sit in the "warm June sunlight on the old wharf gazing towards the river, "blue as the inside of a hare-bell," and think of the "portly old merchants in knee breeches and silver shoe-buckles and plum-colored coats with ruffles at the wrist" who used to "stand at the windows of these musty counting-houses waiting for their ships to come up the narrows."

We can think of no one more fitted to describe this quaint old town, where Governor Wentworth used to drive by in his pompous coach, and Martha Hilton carried her water bucket in which the sunbeams danced, and where the "Flying Stage" used to set down its load of passengers at the Stavers Inn, than Thomas Bailey Aldrich. His descriptions are really poetical in their delicacy and touch. "The soft June breeze," he says, "laden with the delicate breath of the wild flowers and the pungent odors of spruce and pine, ruffled the duplicate sky and water."

At the same time his pure sense of humour touches lightly on those grave old personalities and places. "A lightning rod," he says, "personally conducted by Benjamin Franklin ought to be an attractive object to even the least unsusceptible electricity."

"An Old Town by the Sea" is a book that will appeal to us in many ways, to our æsthetic sensibilities, to our patriotism and our humour, and to our love of what is colonial and quaint.

* * * * *

Bret Harte, with his illimitable Western *patois*, is with us again. He has returned from the sunny South where Sally Dows flourished and spoke in pretty Southern dialect, and in the present volume of short stories† he takes us again to the plains and mountains of the West, where he first made his fame in the depiction of those picturesque and rugged characters who form so important an element in our Western civilization.

* "An Old Town by the Sea." By T. B. Aldrich. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

† "A Protege of Jack Hamlin's." (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The present collection of stories illustrates his wonderful command of that humorous and suggestive Western dialect. Bret Harte's plots are very elusive. His heroes and heroines always do something, or develop into somebody, that is totally unexpected on your part. He depends a great deal upon this suddenness of climax to charm the reader, and it is very effective for a time, but it grows monotonous with too much repetition. In the reader's mind there is a natural inference, placed there by the almost universal concordance of plot in story-writing, that when you introduce a young girl as heroine and a corresponding character of the masculine gender that you intend to either marry them off or at least bring about a very good understanding between them at the close of the story. In the reader's mind, influenced by that grain of sentimentality common to all humanity, this happy climax brings about a feeling of satisfaction. Mr. Harte seldom allows him to gratify this feeling. As was the case with Mr. Jack Hamlin, the hero decamps leaving his protégé in a very uncomfortable position; or his heroine, as in "An Ingénue of the Sierras," turns out a female bandit, having no claim at all on the rough but honest sympathy of Yuba Bill, or the patronizing but sincere kindness of Judge Thompson. They are amusing situations and they interest undoubtedly, but at the end there is a feeling of vague dissatisfaction, of incompleteness. A writer cannot ignore sentiment altogether, especially in the field of short story.

* * * * *

The short-story writer of to-day is determined to be realistic if nothing else. The author of "The Rousing of Mrs. Potter,"* evidently considers realism a jewel to be striven for before everything else. Whether the public regard it as such is a much-mooted question.

But why the general public should be interested in the fact that "two of the rails" from the fence "had been taken away; and the people * * * climbed over or crawled under," is something to be pondered o'er.

The stories, themselves, particularly "A Theft Condoned," and "Colonial Paddington's Nurse" show traces of good literary merit. The descriptions are minute but crude. The characters are in some cases well drawn and natural. In others they do not realize the aim for which they were created.

* * * * *

We are interested in a "Fellowe and His Wife,"† particularly when the "Fellowe" is as noble and "His Wife" as charming, and at the same time as aggravating as our authors have succeeded in portraying them.

*"The Rousing of Mrs. Potter," and other stories. By Gertrude Smith. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: New York and Boston).

†"A Fellowe and His Wife." By Blanche Willis Howard and Wm. Sharpe. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

This novel is a return to that earlier form of English fiction that Richardson introduced in *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe*.

The Count Von Jarourai, who is the "Fellow" above referred, carries on a correspondence with his wife, who is at Rome. Rarely has a book of this character succeeded in maintaining the interest of the narrative throughout. But the letters are natural and gossip, and embrace much excellent description of classic Rome, and the "Cold North Countree." Though these descriptions are at times intricate and involved, yet they do not detract from the general interest of the story.

The Count is a nature of that manly, ingenuous type who are often forced to tolerate without understanding the pretty feminine whims of their charming wives. "*Mariage de Convenience*" fully expresses the wife's relations to her husband. She is wilful and ambitious and her desire for perfect freedom can trample upon the true devotion of her husband.

The chief end and also charm of the story is the gradual realization in the wife of her husband's nobleness of character. Love follows realization and a happy reconciliation ends the story.

* * * * *

Mr. Laine, in his able, though cynical, estimate of Dickens as a novelist, has laid down the dictum that the most popular English writer is not great because he is too moral. Englishmen, he says, require their literature to be moral. We fear that if the demand of the English public to-day is for such novels as "*Richard Escott*,"* by Edward H. Cooper, the remark by Mr. Laine is no longer true. The plot is unutterably dull. Here and there a stray touch of art or fancy serves to relieve the monotony; but the occasional attempts to moralize only heighten the dreariness of the book. As Shakespeare would say, the author "draws out the thread of his verbosity, finer than the staple of his argument;" while he evidently hopes to fascinate his readers with brilliant descriptions of drinking and gambling, interspersed with oaths and doubtful allusions, he, no doubt, seeks to show, in the words of Dr. Chauring, "that amid follies and excesses, provoking laughter or scorn, the moral feelings do not wholly die"—but he utterly fails to do so. It is apparently an unsuccessful attempt to imitate that revolting "realism of the flesh," as evinced in the writings of Zola, Rousseau and Renan. It exhibits most of the faults of the modern French schools of fiction, and has none of their virtues.

* * * * *

Education in America is developing along the same lines as in Germany, breaking away from English models in many respects.

The study of philosophy, both subjectively and objectively, has taken a prominent place in the curriculums of our leading educational centres.

*"Richard Escott." By Edward H. Cooper. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co.)

Prof. Bascom has become widely known by his contributions to material as well as mental science, and this new historical treatise on philosophy cannot fail but place him a notch higher in the list of American writers of note.

It takes more than one lifetime to make an analysis of the thought of all the centuries. So comprehensive, so all-embracing is philosophy that without a guide the young student would be lost in its labyrinth.

Prof. Bascom's "Historical Interpretation of Philosophy"* is primarily intended to formulate the course of man's thought from the time of Pythagoras down to the present era, and point out the true lines for a questioning beginner. The diction of the book is delightful in directness and simplicity, and careful attention to expression is evident throughout. In this respect it is especially valuable as a time saver, for surely philosophical problems gain nothing by lying embalmed in a heterogeneous mass of intricate words and phrases.

* * * * *

Rousseau's writings exerted an immense influence upon the political destiny of France. Revolutions are always interesting to Americans. We like to investigate the causes which led to them. Thus a translation of Rousseau's "Social Contract,"† a book which has been termed the Bible of the French Jacobins, that proved one of the most potent forces in that terrible political upheaval of '75, that has exerted an influence more widespread than any political theory advanced since the famous one of Plato, and whose influence is seen even in the writings of our own revolutionary heroes, Washington, Adams and Jefferson, cannot fail to be of great interest to every American political student.

The introduction to the translation is written by Prof. Walter, of the University of Michigan, and is a concise statement of Rousseau's positions, the conditions surrounding and influencing him when he wrote his famous contract.

Rousseau's contract can be of value to us only as a side-light to history. Practical demonstration has long since proven those utopian theories impossible. The terrific results of the influence of that insane spirit of iconoclasm were shown in the French revolution.

* * * * *

We have grown so accustomed to turn our thoughts to Greece and Rome when the word ancient is mentioned, that it is difficult for us to realize that just beyond the great sea which borders our own land lies, possibly, the most ancient nation of the world, Japan. Unlike Greek and Latin the Japanese language is totally foreign to our own, and it is only within a comparatively short period that any histories of the

* "An Historical Interpretation of Philosophy." By John Bascom. (New York: Putnam & Sons.)

† "The Social Contract." By J. J. Rousseau. (New York and London: Published by George P. Putnam's Sons.) Translated by Rose M. Harrington.

countries have been written. It is like exploring new territory to peruse such a book as the present volume,* filled with the record of events as deeply fraught with historical importance as any which are chronicled in Greek or Roman History.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book gives an account of the attempt by the Jesuits to christianize the Empire in the 17th Century and its subsequent failure, owing to the hostility of Jeyasu, which was caused by the fear of foreign supremacy.

Mr. Murray has achieved a most difficult task in presenting such a clear and readable history of a nation whose part is so largely legendary and indistinct, and which has passed through so long a period of seclusion from foreign influences.

As giving a trustworthy account of a country which in the course of time is certain to become one of America's most important as well as nearest neighbor, the book is one which we cannot afford to neglect.

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*"Story of the Nations. Japan." By David Murray, Ph. D., LL. D. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons).

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